

COSMOPOLITAN COMEDY AND TRAGEDY IN ONE CITY.

France Has Two Tales of Misery—One Here, One Abroad.

A SOLDIER AND A BARON.

The Former Deserted to Evade Injustice, the Latter is Starving Here.



Tragedies in the Life of a French Soldier.

FRENCHMEN.

Misfortune Followed the Soldier to France, the Nobleman to America.

JOHAN B. SABATE, late of the Eighteenth Regiment, New York Volunteers, at one time non-commissioned officer of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Regiment of French Infantry, returned to America on Saturday, having worked his passage from Southampton, after a flight from France, his native country. Sabate's story is best told in his own words:

I am twenty-three years old and was born at Bayonne, France. At the age of twelve I came over to America. Two years were spent studying in a French school in Twenty-third street. From New York I went to Montreal, where I continued my studies and worked as a reporter on two Montreal newspapers, La Patrie and La Batallie. In 1891 I went back to France to serve my military duty. I was put in the One Hundred and Twenty-third Regiment of Infantry, stationed at La Rochelle. I became a non-commissioned officer, and after holding this position for two years I passed my examination and was admitted to the military school of Saint Malo.

In March last, after the Zola trial, I had an argument with a captain, who was an instructor in the school, about the unfairness of the trial. My words having been a little harsh, perhaps, a court-martial was asked because I had criticized the action of a military court. Fearing the result of the trial, I came back to America, where one is free to express his opinions.

My father shot himself the day after I left because of the disgrace of my desertion.

Lost Mother and Sister.

On April 27 the French Government ordered an amnesty for all deserters and political prisoners. My mother and sister, thinking I would not hear of it, came to America to take me back to France. On arriving they found I had gone South with the Eighteenth New York. It was at Chikamauga Park on July 4 that I heard of the loss of La Bourgoise, on which ship my mother and sister had started for France. It was a great blow to me. I was carried to the Wisconsin hospital and thirty days later was brought here to Bellevue.

On September 30, being well again, I went to the French Consul to get the benefit of the amnesty in order that I might inherit some property left by my parents. The Consul gave me my papers and I took passage on La Navarre for Havre.

In spite of the Amnesty law, in spite of the French Consul's word, and in spite of being a citizen of the United States by virtue of my discharge papers from the army, I was put in prison. That was at 4 p. m. on Saturday, October 29, and I was kept there until 7 p. m. on Monday.

A Prisoner on the Ship.

We were in port at Havre twenty-four hours before I was released. According to French law as soon as a soldier arrives in France he must report to the military barracks. This I could not do that day, as I was a prisoner on the ship. The next day was All Saints' Day, a national holiday, and the Army Building was closed. So I could report only on Wednesday, two days late. That means punishment.

They asked me for my papers, so as to identify me, and I was foolish enough to give them my first papers of naturalization and discharge papers from the American army. These they confiscated in spite of my protest. Then a charge was brought against me for having served in a foreign army in time of war. Not wanting to run the chances of being sent to prison, I was in prison once more left my native land, this time, I hope, for good.

Before leaving, I appealed to Mr. Thackeray, the American Consul at Havre, and was told that he could do nothing for me, as France does not recognize the American naturalization of a deserter from the army.

For Killing His Wife's Betrayer.

Pasquale Capella, an Italian laborer, was placed on trial yesterday before Recorder Goff in Part III. of General Sessions, for murder in the first degree. He shot Louis Bianco, who had run off with Capella's wife, Pauline. Capella found her and Bianco together. She kicked Capella and told him to get out. He said he would be even with her, and he shot Bianco, who died two days later.



The Mysterious Austrian Suicide.



The First Chinaman to Turn Burglar.

AUSTRIAN.

Bertha Gitting's Last Note a Curse on the Man Who Had Deserted Her.

HAD STOLEN HER JEWELS.

Wayward Life of a Well Born and Handsome Girl Leads to Suicide.

A WOMAN deceived by a man who had stolen her jewels and her affections killed herself in a boarding house, at No. 125 West Twentieth street, Sunday night. She was Bertha Gittings and her husband is a convict in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. She was about thirty-five years old, almost beautiful in feature, absolutely beautiful in figure, and from the mystery of her past it is only known that she was of the nobility of Austria.

The man who caused the tragedy is in jail in Philadelphia. His name is James Koehler, known also as Henry S. Morton. Of the life of Mrs. Gittings before July 9, when she took rooms with Koehler, who posed as her husband, at No. 131 West Forty-first street, little is known. She was a woman of superior education and skilled in languages, and a member of a noble Austrian family. When she first appeared at the house in Forty-first street, which is kept by Mrs. Mary Corduke, she had many valuable jewels.

But "Mr. Gittings" went out one day and failed to come back. He carried with him jewels of Mrs. Gittings valued at \$200.

The woman reported her loss to the police and because Joe Ullman, the noted swindler of women, recently arrested in Troy, had travelled under the name of Koehler it was believed that he was the man wanted. But Ullman was innocent of this crime. Detective Thompson worked on the theory that the swindler was Ullman until Koehler was arrested in Philadelphia two weeks ago. Mrs. Gittings went to Philadelphia and saw the man, who was a Jew, and he told her the story of her jewels. He told the police in Philadelphia she had given the jewelry to him.

Upon the return of Mrs. Koehler to New York, she threatened to commit suicide. She got employment as a canvasser for books, but became ill and could not make money. A few days ago she left the house of Mrs. Corduke and last Friday evening she kept indoors Saturday and went out for about an hour Sunday afternoon, when she visited Police Headquarters to have a talk with Detective Thompson, who was trying to recover her jewels. During her absence Thompson called at the house.

Mrs. Gittings closed up all the openings to the outer air from the room. She pulled the bed to the middle of the floor, attached one end of a rubber tube to the gas pipe, placed the other end in her mouth, tied it in place with a piece of black silk ribbon and turned on the gas. She was found dead yesterday morning. She left several letters telling of her troubles. Among them was one to Koehler, which contained this dinner: "My dear young man, you may never have one happy minute during your life."

CHINESE SMUGGLED OVER FROM CANADA.

Moi Bee's Arrest Said to Be a Preliminary for More to Follow.

Moi Bee, a Chinaman, who arrived in this city on September 17, was held yesterday by United States Commissioner Shields in \$2,500 bail on a charge of violating the Chinese exclusion act. Moi Bee was arrested at No. 14 Matt street, where he was employed as a laundryman. He could show no certificate establishing his right to be in this country.

It is alleged by the Government officials that Moi Bee is one of many Chinamen who have been smuggled across the border line at Malone, New York. Chinese interpreters for the Malone district, has been arrested and N. W. Porter, Deputy Collector for the Port of Malone, and William H. Clemishire, an interpreter, have been suspended. It is said that a Chinese company paid from \$75 to \$125 for each Chinaman smuggled across the line.

Many Chinamen are under surveillance here and in Boston.

Missing from Belgium.

The Chief Commissioner of Police of Brussels, Belgium, has written to Chief Devery asking him to look for Samy Wormser, of Brussels, who has been missing from that city since October 13. He is slightly demented, speaks English, French, German and Italian, and will probably be found in some gambling place.

The First Chinese Burglar Captured by a Little Boy.

HE ROBBED A LAUNDRY.

Lad Saw Him, Followed Him and Dragged Him Off an Electric Car.



The First Chinaman to Turn Burglar.

CHINAMEN.

"Me welly smart man; no talkie like like Melican man; me better use like smart."

This reckless boast was uttered by Ah Ting on Sunday night after his arrest for robbing Louie Yen's laundry, No. 144 East Fifteenth street.

Louis Joy, aged fifteen, of No. 138 East Fifteenth street, arrested the Chinaman single handed.

"I was going home last night," said Joy to Magistrate Brann, in Yorkville Court, yesterday, "when I saw this 'Chink' forcing the door of Louie Yen's laundry. I watched him and saw he was armed with an axe, a hatchet and a hammer. He broke open the door, entered and came out with a bundle of clothing and walked toward second avenue. I followed him, intending to give him in charge of the first policeman."

Ah boarded the first downtown electric car that came along and I jumped after him and caught him by the collar. The conductor asked me what I meant, and I told him the man had just robbed a store in Fifteenth street. I pulled him off the car. He made no resistance. I marched him back to the laundry, where I met Joseph Tilly, a boy friend of mine, whom I sent for a policeman.

"As 'Chink' saw the policeman he bolted for the back door, dropping his shoes in his flight. He climbed two fences and then ran into a cellar and hid behind a barrel, where the policeman caught him."

An interpreter discovered that the burglar lived at No. 9 Pell street, and expressed the belief that he was one of the "seab" laundrymen who have been warning against the members of the "Tap San Kau Shaw Yung," of Chinese Laundrymen's Union.

Ah Ting made no attempt to ride the cash drawn in Louie Yen's laundry, but contented himself with stealing the clothing of the latter so as to cripple him for the week's washes. The interpreter declared that Ah Ting was known in Chinatown as "the bum."

Magistrate Brann held him in \$2,000 to await the action of the Grand Jury.

CHINESE WOULD NOT SELL LITTLE AH FOON.

Mrs. Ho Bo Lee Testifies That a Boston Woman Wanted to Adopt Her Baby.

Ah Foon's mother appeared in court again yesterday. She saw the entire room at a glance, and sighed. Ah Foon was not there. Ho Bo, the actor, whose name is sometimes looked at as a burglar, he said: "It is said that my wife must walk through the crowded streets, but she does not care about that."

She does not care because she wants Ah Foon that Miss Helen F. Clark, director of the Evangel Band and Mission Work in Mott street, has adopted. Ah Foon is eight years of age.

"Did you ever offer to sell your daughter?" she was asked.

"No," she replied, with an air that was pathetic.

"Was there ever a bid made for your daughter?" she was asked.

"Yes," she replied, "a woman of Boston, who wanted to adopt her, but I refused. I could not give my little Ah Foon to anybody for anything."

Her husband, Ho Bo, said that he smoked opium at long intervals when friends called on him. He said, in reply to a question, "No, I have never taught Ah Foon to smoke opium. I will never teach her to do that."

A theatrical agent, G. P. Wilson, said that he had advertised several years ago for a maid to an actress. He wanted a fair, intelligent, and well educated woman. Mrs. Ho Bo offered Ah Foon, but insisted upon accompanying her wherever she went.

"She could not agree for that reason," said the theatrical agent. "The mother seemed to be much attached to the child."

Miss Clark said: When Mrs. Ho Bo Lee was ill she gave Ah Foon to me without reservation. She said that Ho Bo was not the child's father. Ah Foon is a little Chinese girl, a paganist, and she is a little mischievous, but she is a good child. The trial of the case before James J. Maguire, referee, is being continued Wednesday morning. There was a ray of hope in the mother's eyes, for Ah Foon will appear there. But the light went away, and she walked out with a sadness that was heart-rending.

Doran Regains His Reason.

John Doran, found on election day insane in Newark, as told in the Journal, is recovering in an insane asylum. He says he went to a country house in Ireland in September, and took part in a drinking bout. He remembered nothing until last Saturday. He gives the address of his mother, and she will be notified.

Horse Crushed Against "L" Pillar.

A Sixth avenue electric car ran down a team of horses driven by Julius Leach, of No. 16 Beaver street, at Twenty-fourth street yesterday. The team was crushed against an "L" pillar, and the horses were killed and the driver seriously injured. Patrick Hines, the motorman, was arrested, and will have a hearing tomorrow in a charge of cruelty to animals.

Boniface Todd in an Accident.

Louis L. Todd, proprietor of the Hotel Martborough and Vendome, met with a serious accident at Astor Park Sunday, while driving to Lake wood. He was thrown from his carriage and struck by the wheel of the right hander, and other injuries, which will probably confine him to his room for several weeks.



The First Chinaman to Turn Burglar.

SWISS.

Eminent Author, Who Came Here to Publish a Book, Dies Suddenly.

FRIEND OF CARL SCHURZ.

Was to Have Dined at His House on Sunday Night, but Died in His Hotel.

HENRY GAULLEUR, planter, printer, litterateur and cosmopolite, was found dead in his room at the Plaza Hotel yesterday morning.

His death is particularly sad because he was eagerly awaiting the reception the public would give to the effort of his life, "The Federal States in France and Germany," issued last month by the Harpers. It was his first book in English and was the result of ten years' study and thought on constitutional as against popular government.

He arrived here only ten days ago. The criticisms of his friends were all favorable, and last Friday night, when he dined at the home of Carl Schurz, he was blurring over with happiness.

He was due there at dinner again on Sunday evening, but sent an excuse of illness. This was followed by a notification by the hotel people yesterday morning that M. Gaullieur was dead. He was found by the chambermaid at 8 o'clock, stretched on the floor beside his bed. He had on his night clothes and had evidently risen to ring for help when death came to him.

Coroner Zucca said the cause of death was plainly stomach trouble, and Mr. Schurz gave orders to have the body prepared for shipment to Mme. Gaullieur, at the Chateau Kiesen, near Berne, Switzerland.

An autopsy will be performed by Dr. Williams this morning. Coroner Zucca says the symptoms suggest ptomaine poisoning, but nothing M. Gaullieur ate on Friday or Saturday, so far as the Coroner could learn, was a provocative of this trouble.

"Carl Schurz was the dead man's most intimate friend in this country," said yesterday afternoon that M. Gaullieur was born in Switzerland, about fifty-seven years ago, and was a son of a professor in the University of Geneva. He studied law and married in 1862, Mile. Sophie de Lentulus.

They went to Cuba in 1894 and established a tobacco plantation, but had to give it up on the beginning of the ten years' war. They returned to Europe and came to New York about 1875, when he joined a cigar manufacturing firm. He made a fortune and went back to Switzerland in 1880 to devote himself to landscape painting.

He wrote many feuilletons on literary and art life for the Paris papers, which were later collected and published in book form.

For the last ten years he has been publishing the book on "Federalism," just published. M. Gaullieur had interests in Florida, Kansas and New Mexico, and was preparing to go again into tobacco growing in Cuba. He had with him a draft for \$25,000 on Iselin & Co.

SWISS. A WATER COLOR ARTIST'S SUICIDE.

The Body Found Near Evergreen Cemetery Proves to Be That of Carl Mugglin.

The man who committed suicide last week in Cypress avenue, Williamsburg, near the rear of the Evergreens Cemetery, was identified yesterday in John Schmitt's undertaking establishment, No. 58 Moore street, as Carl Mugglin, a Swiss, who lived at No. 94 Washington street, Brooklyn.

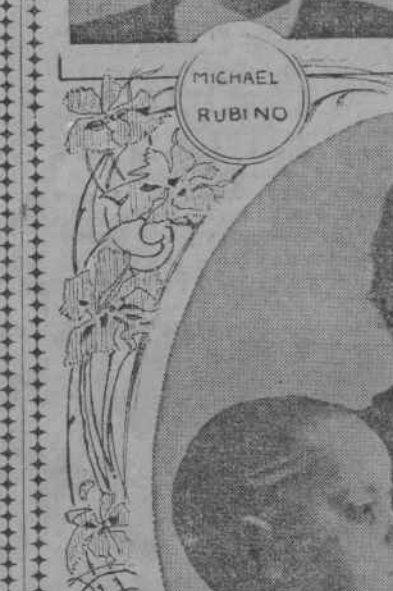
Mugglin came to this country six years ago. He was a water color artist and for a year he prospered. Then he met with reverses and for a long time was out of employment. He finally accepted a job as fresco painter and, though he made good wages, he always considered it beneath him. About three months ago he lost his position.

When he was last seen, a week ago, he bade his friends good-by. Under the name of Muckie he played his tools in a pawn shop at No. 608 Myrtle avenue for eighty cents and bought the poison with which he ended his life.

The body will be buried to-day in the public burial ground at Flatbush.

Another Stabbing in Jersey City.

James Brulle, an Italian saloon keeper, of No. 533 West Thirty-third street, this city, was held without bail until Friday by Justice Nevin in Jersey City yesterday, on a charge of stabbing Frank Russell, of No. 300 First street. It is alleged that the saloon keeper plunged a knife twice into Russell's left side. The wounds are not serious. Russell is in the City Hospital.



Actors in the Italian Murder Story.

ITALIANS.

Strange Story of Italian Love, Treachery, Murder and Coming Revenge.

A Murder Which May be Avenged by a Woman Detective.

SHE IS HUNTING RUBINO.

Faggelle's Slayer at Large, but a Woman Thinks She Can Find Him.

AN elderly but determined little woman is hot on the trail of Michael Rubino, who fled from Woodhaven immediately after the murder of Michael Faggelle, and who has been suspected of firing the shots that killed.

Faggelle and Rubino were married when they came to this country. Mrs. Rubino was the better looking of the two women, and Faggelle was soon desperately in love with her. An intimacy sprang up between them, according to neighbors in Woodhaven, of which the husband did not become aware until about three and a half years ago. Then a brother of Rubino discovered the secret, and when Mrs. Rubino displeased him on one occasion he threatened to tell. She shot him in the neck.

The brother-in-law recovered, but lay after a long and critical illness. Mrs. Rubino was sentenced to three years and a half in Auburn prison. There she stayed until her friends discovered Mrs. Clara Stein.

Mrs. Stein has been a widow for seventeen years and a teacher of languages and an amateur detective. She was appealed to by Mrs. Rubino's friends and was promised \$50 by the prisoner herself if she effected her release. Mrs. Stein secured an affidavit from the brother-in-law forgiving his assailant. Armed with this and a petition bearing several hundred names, she petitioned before Governor Morton, and Mrs. Rubino was pardoned after serving eighteen months.

She returned to her husband and children, but the love Rubino had borne her before the shooting of his brother never returned. Her old friendship with Faggelle was resumed. Mrs. Stein never succeeded in collecting more than \$15 of the \$50 she had been promised. She bided her time, however, and now it has come. The police believe Mrs. Rubino, to win back the love of her husband, promised to give the police a full and complete statement on him the satisfaction of having revenge on Faggelle. On October 12 she visited her husband at his bootblack stand, Ninety-sixth street and Third avenue. Then she visited Faggelle at his stand in Park row. He returned with her to her home in Woodhaven.

Mrs. Rubino and Faggelle were together in the house at midnight when Rubino returned. Faggelle was shot. Rubino fled. The police found Faggelle alive, but bleeding profusely from two pistol shot wounds. He died of his injuries a week and a half ago in the Jamaica Hospital.

The police of Jamaica could not find Rubino, but they say they have satisfied themselves that the murder of Faggelle was "a put up job," as a Jamaica policeman said yesterday, and Mrs. Rubino was arrested. They could get nothing out of her and she was released. Mrs. Rubino said she was suspicious of knowing the whereabouts of her husband, but she refused to tell and was released.

Faggelle's savings have dwindled down to nothing since his murder, and the wife and four children are left behind are dependent upon charity.

When he was last seen, a week ago, he bade his friends good-by. Under the name of Muckie he played his tools in a pawn shop at No. 608 Myrtle avenue for eighty cents and bought the poison with which he ended his life.

The body will be buried to-day in the public burial ground at Flatbush.

Italian Killed in a Ten Cent Quarrel

In a fight on Sunday night in front of No. 92 Baxter street James Gallucci, of No. 60 Mulberry street, was shot in the abdomen by Francesco Donola, of No. 9 Roosevelt street. Gallucci died yesterday morning in the Hudson Street Hospital. The fight was about ten cents, which Gallucci said Donola owed him. In Centre street court yesterday Donola and a friend, Luigi Le Rose, were held to await the result of the inquest.

PERU. NAVAL OFFICER'S SECRET MISSION.

Is Peru Angry with the United States and Going to Act as Spain Acted?

Commander Carlos Ferreyros, of the Peruvian navy, returned to this country yesterday on the French liner La Normandie. When he arrived here from Colon three months ago, his fellow passengers said he told them he was on a mission to Europe for the Peruvian Government, and that he would probably buy some ships.

He was also alleged to have said that Peru was angry about the McCord claim, and that there was a likelihood that in the near future there might be a hostile demonstration on the Pacific Coast. These statements were denied by Ferreyros, who said he was going to Europe to buy machinery.

On his return yesterday the commander admitted that he had neither bought ships nor machinery. He said he had, however, been on a secret mission to Europe to buy machinery, but declined to say what took him there.

Since Commander Ferreyros has been allowed a cabinet from Lima, it is announced that the Peruvian Congress in secret session had discussed a treaty with Spain.

AWFUL SKIN HUMOR CURED BY CUTICURA

A MOTHER'S SWORN STATEMENT

My little daughter May's head and face broke out in one solid mass of bleeding sores, and one of her ears was so affected, that the doctor thought that it would drop off. Her suffering was intense, getting no rest at all, unless under the influence of opiates. The physician tried every known remedy, but instead of getting better, they seemed to get worse all the time. Distracted with her condition, I was advised to try CUTICURA REMEDY. I administered CUTICURA RESOLVENT inwardly, bathed her with CUTICURA SOAP, and used CUTICURA Ointment freely. Before the first week I noticed that the little sufferer was beginning to get relief. In less than two months my little darling was entirely cured and well, she got as fat as a little pig, and no marks whatever are to be seen from the effects of the CUTICURA. JAS. MELTON, 6 Hayden St., Atlanta, Ga. Oct. 20, 1897. Witness, J. G. AHERN.

Sold throughout the world. FORTER DRESS AND CREAM. COHEN, Sole Proprietor, Boston. "How to Cure Skin-Tortured Babies" See.